THE STORY OF HUNCH BADEAU

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

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CHAPTER VIII. Hunch took charge of the funeral. After was over, and while the man was closing the casket, he stepped to the front porch for of air. Jess Bartlett had lingered service, and now stood alone on the Hunch hesitated in the doorway. He thought of Jess during the last few and now he did not know what to say.

e was determined that he should speak after an embarrassing silence he said

you going to speak to me, Jess?" t see as I ought to speak to you." ch looked at her helplessly, and when, minute, she turned and saw his expreshe partly relented.

en are you coming to see me again?" know why I ain't been around, Jess." valted for you the other night. You

you was coming." now it, Jess. I'm sorry. Can't I come

pose you can if you want to." ey could not say any more, for it was time art the carriages. But early in the even-lunch went to her house, and they walked e lake. They found it hard to talk. Hunch

ally blurted out: "I'm going to get the ring next week. It's a pretty one, I think."

te felt her arms tremble, but she said nothguess you're mad at me, ain't you?" No. I aln't mad." by don't you say something. Jess?"

ow I don't feel as if you belonged to me. y it's silly, but I can't help it."

w soon can you get ready?"

came closer to him as they walked.

wasn't thinking of it just that way-

looked up at him and laughed softly. eyes met and they understood each other They walked down the beach and

sked out over the flat lake.
The afraid we'll have to live kind of simple a awails." Hunch said. "I ain't very rich.

Do you think I care about that, John. Don't aw I love you because you're so strong the state of the s

me'n half of it. The rest of it's a late

order "
How much is there to come?"

"How much is there to come?"
"About 50,000."
"How's it delivered?"
"F.O.B on the dock here. Why, you lookg for a job delivering?"
"Yes, wouldn't mind. I could get it down
we cheaper'n the railroad, and pretty near

here cheaper'n the railroad, and pretty hear as quick."

"Navigation's closed, though. I don't know as the Manistee folks 'd want to risk it."

"Yes, but look at that." Hunch motioned toward the lake, which lay blue and sparkling beyond the Butterville sandspit. "Quiet as August. There ain't hardly any lee either."

"Well, you might talk to 'em up at Manistee. Hunch. Of course they can deliver anyhow they like, but I can't run chances of delay."

Hunch picked up a man at Herve's saloon and set to work overhauling the Dean, which was lying up for the winter. The next morning with the new man up forward, he sailed for Manistee.

ee.
dealer at Manistee accepted Hunch's
o deliver the timber on the Manistee

deliver the timber on the Manistee half the railroad charges. Hunch had that this would make up the cost of with a slight margin over. It took a

for the winter. He got along well with the men, excepting a fellow named McGuire, who was inclined to grumble at the hard work. But one noon at the mill, when the men were matching their strength, Hunch lifted a copound pile driver weight and swung it easily clear of the ground. That quieted McGuire. One day toward the close of his second week, Badeau found Bruce Considine hanging around, at closing time outside the mill.

"Hello, Bruce," he said. "What you doing up here?"

"Come up to see you, Hunch."

"What is the matter?"

"The old man come down on me last week."

"Fire you?"

"Yes. I'm sick of working for him, any how. He'll never let a fellow alone."

"What are you going to do? You ain't likely to get another job like that.

"I don't know. I thought mebbe you'd know of something up here, Hunch."

"I just went on the job myself."

"I know it; but I can't starve, Hunch. I ain't had any money for a couple of days."

"How about—your—"

"Manne? She's down at the house, I told her to go to the old man, but he's kind of ugly, and she won't do it. Guess she'll get over being proud one of these days."

"I thought mebbe I could send her samething if I could get a job up here."

"I dunno, Bruce. I'll ask the boss. Come around to—morrow noon."

The following afternoon Bruce joined Hunch's gang as a day laborer. His muscles were soft, and it was several days before he could do a man's work. One day the gang was carrying heavy timbers at the mill, and Hunch noticed that Bruce's partner on one of the double timber hooks was muttering. He kept an eye on the pair and saw that Bruce's handle sagged at every few steps. When the day's work was done he waited outside the mill for Bruce.

"Look here, Bruce, he said, "I'm on to you."

"What you talking about?"

You know what I'm talking about. I seen you soldlering. I just want to tell you that it wont go."

Bruce was silent for a moment: then he said: "Think you've got me down, don't you?"

You know what I'm talking about. I seen you soldering. I just want to tell you that it wont go."

Bruce was silent for a moment: then he said: "Think you've got me down, don't you?" "What I think ain't got nothing to do with it. I got you the job, but I can't keep you if you don't take a brace. The boss wouldn't stand for it. You got to earn your pay."

"It's easy for you to talk. You're getting good money. I'm working hard enough for every cent I get."

"None o' your talk now, Bruce. You can't bluff me. You just quit loafing and get down to business. You're going to do it, too, if I have to knock it into you. Understand?"

Bruce walked away in a surly mood, but for a few days Hunch saw a slight improvement in his work. Then there came a slump. Hunch said nothing until one noon he overheard Bruce and McGuire grumbling together. He called Bruce away.

"Lock here, Bruce "he said: "You know what n. I wish -I wish we could get married. uce away. 'Look here, Bruce," he said: "you know what

"Look here, Bruce, he look of told you."
"What you got to kick about?"
"None o' your lip. You just keep away from

"None o' your lip. You just keep away from McGuire."
I don't see what you got to say about a friend of mine."
"Friend of yours, eh? Is'pose you're bunking with him, too?"
"Well, whose business is it if——"
"You leave him to-night. Understand?"
Bruce sulked for the rest of the day and avoided Hunch. After supper Hunch went to McGuire's room in the square frame hotel by the tracks. No one was there, but Bruce's patent leather value lay in the corner. Hunch waited until they came in.

hev came in.

"Hallo," said Bruce, a little startled.

"Pack up your stuff and come along with
ne. Bruce"

"Bruce is rooming with me," said McGuire,
ooking at Hunch out of the corners of his

Bruce is footning with me, said McCuires clocking at Hunch out of the corners of his eyes.

"No, he ain't," said Hunch, "he's rooming with me. Step lively, Bruce. I been waiting half an hour.

Bruce and McGuire looked at each other and Hunch sat grimly in the bed. Then Bruce turned to the bureau and began nervously gathering his things and throwing them into the value. McGuire helped him without a word. Then Bruce shook hands with McGuire, a little stiffly, and went away with Hunch.

Now that he was directly under Hunch's eye. Bruce improved slightly. He fell into the habit of confiding in Hunch, and rebring, as in the old days, upon his advice. But one day a letter came for Bruce, addressed in a hand which Hunch recognized. Bruce was quiet and serious for hours, and when Hunch asked him what was the matter he tried to pass it over with a laugh. It was not until after supper, when they were up in the room together, that Bruce gave way. Hunch was shaving and Bruce sat watching him for some time before he said:

"Hunch, I—got a letter from Mame."

Hunch, I—got a letter from Mame."

Hunch is chair with his eibows on his knees.

"She—she's coming down kind of hard on me. I ain't had a chance to earn anything yet. It's all I can de to take care of myself."

ne. I ain't had a chance to earn an thing yet.
's all I can do to take care of myself.
"Aint you sent her anything?"
"Why, how could !? You know what I'm get-

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?"

"She says they're sticking her for the house rent I don't know what to do. I wish she'd go back to her old man?"

"How much are you stuck for?"

"I don't know. You read it. Mebbe you can tell ine what to do. Seems if she ought to help a little somehow."

Hunch leaned against the wall, under the bracket lamp, and read the letter. Then he laid it on the bureau and stood stropping his razor on the palm of his hand. Finally he turned to the mirror and went on shaving "What do you think, Hunch?" asked Bruce, after a long silence.

There was only a few armfuls. But he built a roaring fire in the front room and then took the ax out into the back yard and split up a heap of boards and timber waste that lay under the snow. Mamie watched him through the window. After a few strokes he grew warm from the exercise, and, taking off his coat, he handed it through the door to Mamie, and said: "Warm weather, ain't it." Mamie was smiling when she reappeared at the window. Hunch filled the woodbox and laid a large pile on the floor at each end. Then he put on his coat.

The manse of Kirkohrist parish was less than a mile down the glen. It had only a week fair Man coming on the wings of seraphims and

coat.
"Well," he said, "that's more like. Pull up a chair, Mis' Considine." a chair, Mis' Considine."
"You must be hungry, Mr. Badeau, after all
that work. I'm going to make you some cof-

that work. I'm going to make you some colfee, anyway."
"Now, don't you do nothing of the sort. That
ain't work: That's just fun." Unconsciously
he expanded his chest as he spoke. In spite
of his bent shoulders it was a deep-rounded
chest, different from Bruce's. Mamie did not
know that there was admiration in her eyes
as she watched him.
"Now you've got to let me. Mr. Badeau,
I don't have company very often. You just
sit still and let me work awhile. I'm not doing
my share."

sit still and let me work awhile. I'm not doing my share."
So Hunch sat by the stove and watched her as she stepped about the kitchen. Her manner had brightened and there was a flush on her cheeks. She took pains to keep the pantry door closed, but once Hunch caught a glimpse inside and saw that the shelves were nearly bare. While drinking the coffee they both felt a slight restraint. Occasionally when their eyes met, Mamle would lower hers and laush nervously. They taiked of old times, and Hunch recalled, somewhat awkwardly, the day he had first met her on the beach by the life-saying station. saving station.

Then there was a long pause and Hunch said:

said:
"Look here, Mis' Considine, there ain't no use
trying to make me think things that ain't so is,
so I'm going downtown and bring up something o eat." Mamie flushed.

trying to make me think things that ain't so is, so I'm going downtown and bring up something to eat."

Mamie flushed.

"Now don't say nothing. You just leave me be and we'll fix things up in great shape."

Mamie tried to protest, but Hunch put on his ulster and started up the street, saying over his shoulder as he went down the steps:

"I'll be back in no time."

He found Joe Carter, who kept the grocery and meat market across from the hotel, at his house and made him open up his store and put up a large bundle of provisions. When he returned Mamie was at the front window. She hurried to open the door.

"Come on and we'll have a blowout," said Hunch, as he cut the string and spread the packages over the kitchen table. "There's a good many of the things that don't have to be cooked at all. I got some preserve, thought you might like it. Do you? It's a peach."

Mamie's eyes were hesitating between laughter and tears, but she nodded quickly and the laugh triumphed. Then they both set to work. Hunch laid the tablecloth, and puttered about clumsily, while Mamie prepared the meal Mamie laughed at his awkwardness and after a time grew so cheerful that she joked him and made him blush through the bronze en his face. And they sat facing each other across the table with all the lively chatter of two foolish young people. Afterward she washed the dishes and he wiped them.

But when it was finished, and they sat before the stove in the front roon, the sense of restraint returned. For a long time neither spoke. They looked at the two cracked mica windows in the stove door, which glowed redly when the flames leaped up behind them. It was Mamie who linally broke the stience.

"Is—Bruce well?"

"He's—he's pretty well. He didn't feel quite able to come down to-day. You know we're bunking together. You see, I know about—now you musn't think I'm poking my nose into none of my business. I and Bruse was together a good while, and we come to know a good deal about each other, o' course."

Mamie was looking at the stove windows. The

than a mile down the glen. It had only a week or two before been taken possession of by one Donald Bain, an ignorant fellow, so they said. intruded upon us by the new Bishop. For Mr. Gilbert, our old and tried minister of God, had been removed even as Mr. Rutherfurd had been put out of Anworth and at about the same time. Thither, then, we took our way, I with my

vounded arm carried across me, the sleeve being pinned to my coat front, so that I could not move my hand We kept entirely to the thickets by the water-

side, Rachel leading the way. For she had played all her life at the game which had now ecome earnest-so deadly. But we need not have troubled. For as we went from far away, light as a waft of wind blown athwart a meadow, we heard the chorus of the roisterers in the house of Kirkchrist and emergent from the servile ruck the voice of the Roaring One, urging good fellows all to come drink with him-somewhat superfluously, indeed, to all appearance, for the good fellows all had apparently been "come-drink-ing" all night to the best of their

ability and opportunity.

After this Rae and I went a little more openly and swiftly. This chiefly for my sake, because the uneven ground and the lithe branches of the hazel bushes caught and whipped my wounded arm, making me more than once wince with the pain.

And Rachel kept a little beneath me on the

brae and bade me lean my hand on her shoulder, saying that I could not press over hard, and that the more I did so the more would she know that I loved her. In this fashion we came to the house of the curate that had so lately been intruded upon the manse of godly Mr. Gilbert. It was all dark and the shutters put over the windows for fear of shots from without. Then with my sword hilt I began to knock, and the noise of the blows resounded through the house hollow and loud. For the High-landman had as yet but little furniture in it save as they said a sheaf or two of rushes for

save as they said a sheaf or two of rushes for a bed for himself and another for the wench that keeped house—his sister, as he said.

In no long space of time his reverence set a shock head out of the window to ask what was the din. The which he did in a bold manner as though he were the lord and master of the neighborhood. But I temed him, for I bade nim don his curate's coat upon him and bring his service book, for that he was to marry us there and then.

"Who be you that seek to be married so untimeous?" he asked. "Cannot ye be content till the morning?"

"That is just why we cannot be content." I answered. "We must be far away by then!"

So in a little he rose up and came down.

rives or waters and the sound of great Boods. Fair Man coming on the wings of seraphines and cherubins and liftings ne up out of the mire.

And as soon as Jean Bain heard the yammer and yatter of my foolish running on, she ran them in a pot over the fire to steam. Then she bade Racheh help med oun to the minister's chamber, and between them they undressed ne outting the sheet from my coat so as to save the biankets and made me grink. of this herb tea—and that willy-nilly. For, as heard afterward. I called them "witch wives," black crows of a foul nest, with many other names whole, while Rachel Beeched with me through her streaming tears; and so in time they gat me to take down the naughty brew. The sheet of the stream of

The second secon

side she took one long look and then cried out in a hearty voice:

"What's this—what's this— my friend. Harry Wedderburn, in the gled's claws? Let be scullions! Donald, here's our friend frae the Black Craig o' Dee!"

And forthwith, the soldiers falling back abashed, the Bishop's lady, that had been poor Jean Bain, came at me in her old, reckless way, and flung her arms about my neck, kissing me soundly and heartily, as I had not been kissed of a long season by any save Rachel, me being no more a young man.

And the Bishop was no other than Donald himself, the same who had been curate of Kirkchrist—and a right reverend prelate he looked.

Then nothing would do Jean and Donald but I must get into the carriage with them and have one of their men servants ride my beast into Edinburgh. Neither excuse ner nay-say would my Lady Bishop take. So in this manner we travelled very comfortably, isitting beside her, and at Edinburgh we parted. Ito Sanct Anders, they to a lodging near my Lord Lauderdale's house. For they we'e hand and glove with him. And the morning I was to ride away came their carriage to the door and lo! my lady again, this time with a safe conduct and letter of certification from the Privy Council that I was a person notably well affected and stanch; that none was to hinder or molest me or none in body or estate, under penalty of the King's displeasure. Which thing in the troublous times to come more than once or twice stood me in great stead.

But when I came to Sanct Anders the first thing I heard was that Mr. Rutherfurd lay a-dying in his college of St. Mary's. I betook me thither and lo! a guard of soldiers were about the doors and would in no wise permit me to pass. They were burning a pile of books, and I heard say that it was by order of the Parliament, and that thereafter Mr. Rutherfurd was to be carried out alive or dead and his bed set in the open street. "Lex Rex" was the name of the book I saw them turning this way and that with sticks so as to make the leaves burn faster. I know not why it was so dour to carch, and the Lord knows it was dry enough—at least to my taste.

But after awhile, showing the officer my n nothing would do Jean and Donald

least to my taste.

But after awhile, showing the officer my privy council letter, I prevailed on him that I had a mandate to see Mr Rutherfurd, and that I had come directly and of purpose from those who were diligent. So they let me go up the stair

those who were diligent. So they let me go up the stair.

And at the top I found many doors closed, but one open and the sound of a voice I knew well speaking within.

And still it was telling the praises of the Friend-yes, after a lifetime of struggle and suffering. Nor do I think that save for taking rest in sleep that voice had ever been silent on that theme.

And still It was telling the braises of the Friend-yes, after a lifetime of struggle and suffering. Nor do I think that save for taking rest in sleep that voice had ever been silent on that theme.

So, though none knew me, I passed straight through the little company to the deathbed of the man who spoke. He was the Little Fair Man no longer. But his scant white hair lay soft as silk on the pillow. His face was pale as ivory, his cheeks sunken, only his eyes glowed "a live coals deep set in his head.

"So, friend, you have come to see an old man die," he said, when his eyes lighted on me "what, a bairn of mine, sayst thou, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. Ave, I mind that day at Kells. A gale from the Lord blew about us that day. So you are Harry of the Rude Hand, and you have fallen into sin. Ah, you must not come to me—you must to the master. You had better have gone to your closet and worn the whin stone a little with the knees of your breeks. And yet I ken not. None hath been a greater sinner or have known greater mercy than I I am summoned by the Star Chamber—I go to the Chamber of Stars. I will see the King. I will carry him your message. Harry. Fear not, the young man you for laving a hand on him, even as this day you bless the unworthy servant, who, on the green-sward of Kells, called you out of darkness into his marvelious light.

"Sir, fare you well. Go home to your wife, nothing doubting. This night shall close the door. At so of the morning I will fasten my anchor within the veil."

And even as he said so it was. He passed away, and, secure that he would carry my message to the alone forgiver of sins, I returned home to find the youth recovered and penitent. He afterward became a noted professor and field preacher, and died sealing his testimony with his blood on the victorious field of Loudon Hill.

This is the testimony of me, Harry Wedderburn, sometimes called Strength-o-Airm, who now, in the valley of peace and a restored Israel, wait the consummation of all things. Being very lonely, I

Note by John Wedderburn. My father departed this life on the morning after writing this paper, sleeping quietly away about five of the clock.)

QUEER USES FOR CANNON BALLS. Condemned as War Weapons, They Are Just the Thing in Stone Quarries.

From the Boston Daily Globe. "Cannon bails for blasting!" This sign, hung in a conspicuous place be-

THE JUMPING KANGAROO AND THE APPLE BUTTER CAT.

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

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The Bogey Man was so fond of playing golf that he never had time to think of anything else. He lived on oatmeal water, and smoked a pipe filled with cabbage leaves and chopped hay. Golf was played in those days with one straight stick, and all you had to do was to knock round stones over the meadow. The Bogey Man was very careless, and he was always sending the golf balls into the holes where the rabbits, field mice and snakes lived. He played every day in Deacon Jones's meadow lot. He used to take his stick, when he lose the balls, and pry into the homes of the little animals and snakes. In that way he spoiled

One day the Bogey Man put a ball on top of one day the Bogey Man put a ball on top of an ant's house, because he said he could strike it better. The roof of the house fell in and the ant's aunt was so badly hurt that she never

and rabbits and field mice and ants who lived in Deacon Jones's meadow lot. They had a convention near the old stump in the middle president. "Is this the person who always scares the

children so?" asked the Field Mouse. "No," replied the Hoot Owl, who was the wisest of birds. "He is worse than that. He the man who thinks that he knows how to play golf. "Hoot Owl," whispered the Garter Snake,

"you and Siv Fox must get rid of this terrible Bogey Man, who is all the time poking around our houses and making us unomfortable.

When the Bogey Man went to play golf in he pasture next day he heard a hoarse voice away up in a tree. "Hoot mon, hoot!" said the voice. "It seems

to me that you really do not know how to play golf."

The Hoot Owl came down from the tree all dressed up in baggy, spotted clothes. He had a pipe in his beak and a big club in one claw.

"I'll let you know," replied the Bogey Man, "that I have had games with some of the very best players in the country, and besides that I can talk Scotch better than you can."

"Ho, ho," answered the Owl, "my people said hoot before there were any Scotchmen, I've come to show you how to play the real game of golf.

"Follow me," screamed the Hoot Owl.

He ied the Bogey Man to a field which was all rough. The rabbits and the field mice had been working all night making holes everywhere they could.

"Why, this is no place to play golf," said the Bogey Man as he took a big drink of oatmeal water.

"It's fine," said the Hoot Owl. "Isn't it, Sly Fox?"

Sly Fox came up with a whole bagful of sticks with twisted roots on the ends of them. The Bogey Man had always played with just one straight stick. Sly Fox had gone into the woods, where he pulled up saplings and kept those which had the funniest and the ugliest roots on the ends of them.

"Now, then," saidthe Hoot Owl, "I guess that we are all ready. Sly Fox, you can carry the clubs."

The Hoot Owl and Sly Fox made the Bogey me that you really do not know how to play

"Now, then," said the Hoot Owl, "I guess that we are all ready. Sly Fox, you can carry the clubs."

The Hoot Owl and Sly Fox made the Bogey Man use all of the queer kinds of sticks which they had brought. He had to shove the balls into holes all over the field, and then he had to stroom them out again with two or three kinds of clubs, and then shove them over to another hole. As fast as he got through with one club Sly Fox would take it away from him and sive him another which was more twisted and curved than the one before.

"Isn't he learning fast?" said the Hoot Owl to Sly Fox with a wink.

"O fine." answered Sly Fox. "Golf players are born and not made.

Although the Bogey Man was very tired, he tried to look happy, and said he never had so much fun in all his life. He stumbled into pits and nearly sprained his ankle. He knocked the balls into ponds and over big bumps in the meadows. Nearly every time he struck a ball it would go out of sight. Sly Fox tried to find it, but somehow, he never could. Then the Bogey Man had to pay Sly Fox 25 cents for a new ball. Before the day was over Sly Fox had sold to the Bogey Man's hands were all blistered, and his feet were wet, and his fine clothes were all over mud. He sat down on a log and began to cry.

"I'm tired of running after those balls," he

began to cry.
"I'm tired of running after those balls," he said, "and I have, boo-hoo boo-hoo, I have spent all my money buying new ones."
"That is too bad," sighed Sly Fox, "I have an idea." This sign, hung in a conspicuous place of fore the door of a store on Atlantic avenue, led dea."

So Sly Fox drove a tack into one of the balls, So Sly Fox drove a tack into one of the balls,